

HIS DAD

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

When Elsie's fiancé entered the room that evening, she looked up in vague apprehension, for Jack's usually sunny face, was clouded by a deep frown.

"What is it, dear?" she asked and the answered her, pacing about restlessly.

"It's Dad," he said. "I told him tonight that we were to be married, and he put up the usual fuss. I'm tired of it, Elsie; surely his selfishness has harmed our happiness too long. One must have consideration for ill health and overwrought nerves, but when this is coupled with stubborn unreasonableness I've got to take things into my own hands. He insisted that I choose between you two—and I've chosen—that's all. The affair ended in Dad's threat to enter a sanitarium, to which retreat he says my cruelty has driven him. He is decided upon the point that no daughter-in-law—no fault-finding, dictating daughter-in-law, I believe were his words—shall ever enter his home. He is equally determined not to be 'living in suffering' as he expressed it, 'in his son's home.' So there lies the parting of the ways."

Jack dropped into a chair. "It's a problem, Elsie," he said wearily. "No hired nurse or attendant has been able to put up with Dad for more than two days; and the chronic invalidism, is in my mind, more or less imagination, and temper."

The girl sat gazing silently at her folded hands, and the flashing ring of her betrothal. "Jackie," she said at length, "perhaps that sanitarium idea of your father's is a good one after all—they do effect wonderful cures. There is a pleasant 'healthorium' upon the hill. Why not agree to it for a month or so of trial? We could postpone our marriage for a month, dear."

So it happened that John Curate, Sr., was installed in a large cheery room in the health-seeking home at the top of the hill. And here, where fruitful orders were of common occurrence, frightened attendants did not always rush to do his bidding. Neither did the attendants leave in a huff, but smilingly unmoved, went about their duties. It was when the port-faced nurse with the firm chin had dared bring his egg-nog ten minutes late—that Curate, Sr., sent for the physician in charge.

"Disgusting negligence," he fumed. "If you have in the building a nurse who is not impudence itself, send her to me."

Dr. Mary Wilson considered. "Miss Earle is at least punctual," she said thoughtfully, and presently Miss Earle reported for duty. Her appearance was undoubtedly prepossessing, and her voice promisingly low and submissive. Her constant bright, good nature would have infected any one but this adamant patient, and finally it won from even him a grudging smile.

"Pretty happy, aren't you?" he asked one day.

"Always happy," she answered promptly. "Have to be, the other sort of thing doesn't pay." She cast back a laughing glance at him. "Happiness like patience, can be acquired," she said.

"I wonder," the old man mused. "The nurse tapped her soft hair. 'Living example,' she replied."

The egg-nog was always on time now, also, they were just right. Miss Earle had a disquieting and baffling way of slipping quietly out of his room during a tyrannical outburst, innocently returning later, a low song upon her lips, sympathetic concern in her violent eyes. The miracle had happened. John Curate, the masterful, had found his "superior," and his admiration was unbounded. Mixed with the admiration was a strange and long-lost affection, years ago he had known the loss of a little daughter, something of the old protective tenderness for the child, evidenced itself now, for the faithful young nurse.

"You are alone in the world?" he asked.

"Alone, since my own dear father died," she answered.

A rosy flush crept to the roots of her hair. "But now I am hoping for a home of my own. Some one, oh! so good and true, to care for me. Some one to make happy. Would you like me to tell you all about it?"

"Please," said the patient, he was feeling unaccountably old again, old, deserted, and alone. So the girl came and sat down by his chair and the firelight in the big cheery room shone back upon their faces. When she had finished John Curate, Sr., reached out a fumbling hand and closed it over hers.

"If you will forgive a selfish old man," he said, "and if I may call you daughter, I will try to learn that achievement of happiness you spoke of—and—patience."

In the doorway loomed a tall figure. "Elsie," cried a man's voice unbelievably—and—Dad!"

The girl jumped up with a tremulous laugh. "I had to win him over, Jackie," she said. "Your father and I had to know each other, so that is why I suggested this 'healthorium.' Dr. Mary Wilson was a college friend of mine and she agreed to the strategy. Now, shall we all go home together?"

And as they passed out into the night there was upon each of the three faces a reflection of the happiness to come.

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Experimenting.

On entering Milliken's room one day his friend, Pingley, found him thumping the piano with all his might and drawing the most discordant noise from the instrument. "What in the name of all that is good are you playing?" asked Pingley. "I am trying to play that score of Wagner's," replied Milliken. "But the score is upside down," said Pingley. "That's true," said Milliken. "I had it the other way up at first, but couldn't make head or tail of it, so I thought I might succeed in this way!"

As Wise as Anybody.

After Aunt Fanny had vainly striven to convince Walter that he was in the wrong she exclaimed: "Walter, I guess I know a few things!" "So do I," was his answer. "I know as few things as anybody."

NOTICE TO LIBERTY
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The Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. William G. McAdoo, has today issued a statement cautioning investors of Liberty Loan Bonds against exchanging for unknown securities the bonds which they have purchased and advising permanent holding of Liberty Bonds.

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LIBERTY LOAN GENERAL EXECUTIVE BOARD,
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Vyuno's First Blunder.

Louis Vyuno was born in sunny Italy. When entering a Winnipeg school at the age of fifteen he was required to fill out an information slip giving name and other personal facts. He was a bright boy and made no mistakes until he came to the line marked "born," followed by a blank space. In this Louis wrote down very neatly the one word, "yes."

Long-Distance Talkings.

Eighteen miles is said to be the longest distance on record at which a man's voice has been heard. This occurred in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, where one man, shouting the name "Bob" at one end, was plainly heard at the other end, which is 18 miles away. It is recorded that at Gibraltar the human voice has been heard at a distance of ten miles.

Use Language Carefully.

Men should not say more about their neighbors in their absence than they would say to them if they were present. This is safe from a standpoint of future tranquility and it is sound ethics. The same holds true with writing communications for publication. Whatever cannot be said over your signature should not be said at all.—Exchange.

Self-Pity; Self-Praise.

Half the world is gnawed by the beast Self Pity and the other half is bitten by the beast Self Praise. It is better to chain both these animals and go out free and unconcerned about self. All this concern about self is the misfortune which dogs the man who has not related himself to the one universal law.

Monkeys Use Flats.

Brahm, in his "Thierleben," tells how certain kinds of monkeys emphasize their feelings by striking with their fists. When angry or excited they bring their fists down upon the ground with all their might. They are not quite as foolish as the man who hammers the table with his fist. They have this excuse: they are looking for a stone or stick with which to crack the skull of their dissenting fellow-monkey.

Just Perk Chaps.

Donald often goes to the store with his mother, who is a frugal buyer. One day he went alone to the butcher's. "I want free pork chops," he said, "but no bones, or fat, or lean."

Wisdom of Our Ancestors.

Tell me whether it is right or wrong; if right I will do it; if wrong I will not. But never let me hear the word expedient.—Queen Victoria.

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